



# DALHOUSIE Gazette SPORTS



## GIRLS CONTINUE WINNING STREAK

### Defeat Acadia and Kings -

The Dalhousie Girls Ground Hockey team have continued their mastery over all opposition to run up a three game winning streak. After defeating Acadia here at Studley 3-0, the teams journeyed to Acadia on Sat., Oct. 31 and defeated the Axettes by a score of 4-1. Carol Vincent with two goals was the leading scorer while Ann Rainnie and Pam White followed with one each for Dal. On Tuesday, Nov. 3 the girls defeated Kings on the Kings' field 5-0. Pam White scored the hat-trick and Carol Vincent and Betty Morse added the other two Dal markers.

The Girls' Ground Hockey team is a Dal team and as such it would like to see a few Dal spectators at its games. A winning team deserves much more support from the fans than the hockey team has been getting.

### Rugger Game on Sat.

This Saturday at Studley, the Dalhousie English Rugger squad will play their final game of the MIAU Sec. B schedule. The Tigers will be hosts to St. Dunstan's at 2.30 on the Dal field. St. Dunstan's defeated Dal their last time out and Dal will be out to revenge the Islanders. If they do, it will produce a tie for second place in the Section B. Mount A. has copped first place by being undefeated. Coach Gillis will change several positions on the Dal team, hoping to give his rookies and eligible players for next year a better background of the game. "Hank" Pratt will see action as the centre healer, while Bourinot will be moved to Pratt's old position as left front line scrum. Whitey Thomas will start in the fullback slot while Tony Yearwood will act as stand-off.

### Dal Can Beat Stad

Editor's note: This is a contributed article.

Stad has come up with something fast and furious and comparatively new. Using a spinning backfield with a smart line that knows how to make and hold holes open, they have crushed all opponents thus far in the regular schedule of the N.S.F.L.

Dal Tigers are the team that is going to beat them. And it won't be until the finals that they do this. We must credit coach Keith King and each member of the Dal team with having their share of brains and perceptive ability. Each time they play Stad, or see Stad play, they are learning. The line is beginning to sense the direction of the play from the initial movement of their individual opponents. The ends are beginning to realize that someone is going to take them out on each play, and that they must not be thus taken out. The center backer-up is learning his importance when high scoring Hayes hangs on to the ball himself. In previous games the center backer-up was continually being blocked out of the play, or sucked out around the end by the movement of the Stad backfielders off the spinner.

Since Dal uses a one squad team their offensive will pick up only as their defence does. What has happened to speedy "Nip" Theakston this year? He is just as fast as ever and his weaving ability has improved. But Theakston really has only one play in which he uses his ability in its most productive form — that of gaining yards — and Stad knows this and has it stopped. Poor "Nip" stands and waits for the pitch out from Cluney, which now even the fans can see coming, and

then before he can get started finds himself tied up with a minimum of two arms attached to Stad players. Perhaps Dal's line should be stopping these arms from entering Dal's backfield. Easier said than done. Dal has a heavy line and one of the best. Yet its weight is in the center. The ends are light; and, besides, when an end sees two sets of arms coming at him, he can't stop both. And when the heavy center line goes down, obeying gravitational laws, it stays down. And more arms, with attached bodies, can literally waltz through the openings.

A new method of attack will work only until the attacked understand it, and learn how to combat it. Dal knows this from experience. Last year they used a set of plays which started off with the quarter-back moving a few paces to one side before the ball was snapped. The quarter-back didn't touch the ball. This would draw the defenders offside and was one of the few times in any year that Dal's quarter-back was not the key man of a play. This worked extremely well and Dal rolled up the yardage. The other teams recovered and set up their defences accordingly. The Tigers are not using the play this year.

It is very unlikely that Stad will change its offensive which has worked so well thus far. Coach Loney knows his football and quite likely could (and may) add a few new plays, (for example, utilizing his non-ball-handling quarter-back in reversing line bucks). Loney also figures that Dal won't change their offensive. And the chances are in his favor that he is right. Dal's second string has a strong freshman flavor. They have played the season, making good ground and above average fumbles, using a definite set of plays. They won't change. But we might guess that the "old pros" who play the best part of each game will have a few tricks up their sleeves. And we most certainly can expect Dal's line to "come through" and to plug up those holes.

Last but not least Dal will tackle better in the finals. The young college students don't like the idea of mangled finger or a broken nose, but when they realize that they must beat their opponents, they will DRIVE THEM INTO THE GROUND. The Keith King master-minded squad from Dalhousie can beat any team, and become champions of 1953-54.

### HITCH-HIKING TOUR

(Continued from Page Two)

na ye ken where were a ga'ing?" "Faith, shure and begorra, Bob," I said eagerly. "Is it to dear old Erin were betakin' ourselves?" "Shure and I can hardly wait to see if they really keep pigs in the parlor." Our destination was Stranraer where we would take a boat across the Irish Sea to the suburbs of Belfast. Of that boat-ride I remember little except that someone made me very uncomfortable by saying that the week before the sister ship had lost its stern in mid ocean, and the cargo, which was almost all British Wrens, had, as Sir Winston so aptly put it, "Gone down to the sea in slips." "Away we go to an Island Fair," I sang lustily from my place at the rail, while my brother proved to all the passengers that the food they served was of a doubly satisfying ingredient in that it tasted just as good on the way up as it had on the way down. "Land Ahoy! I shouted to the Midshipmite, "And notify old Devalera I'm here. Tell him I'm for home rule, the corn laws and the Kinsey Report. Shawn Latimore had returned from the wars!"

May 19 . . . So this is Belfast, I mused. "Where are all the Irish colleens?" asked my more aesthetic companion. We spent the day snapping pictures of this rare pixie-like species but I must say there were no Moira Shearers among them. What impressed me most about the city was

how American it was, all the restaurants being like those of a typical U.S. city. However the Irish pet hatred, next to the English, seemed to be the Americans, whom, as they said, were over-fed, over-sexed and over there. The next stop was an Irish concert given by the celebrated Irish pianist, Paddy Rusky. Altho' we also enjoyed a band concert and managed to get ourselves thrown out of a park and factory area because our camera was in a red case, nothing interesting happened. The next stop, of course, was Dublin's fair city. Hitch hiking is grim enough anywhere but I wasn't too enthusiastic about practicing the art on the boggy Irish roads. As it turned out tho' they did have paved roads, and we immediately got a drive with an Irish clergyman from the Northern part. We learned a lot in our talk with him about relations between Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State, and believe me, all my sympathies were with him while I was in that car. I was amazed though, when we switched to a Free State car, at how I sawed the air with congratulations to the Orangemen on his country's success and intelligence in breaking away from the horrid countess in the north. We soon found ourselves escorted to a country club for supper, where everyone was dressed formally. I had on a turtle neck sweater, and a beret, and my brother, a palm beach flower shirt and a Cleveland Indians

### INTER-FACTS

Some sort of history, it is rumoured, was made in the Inter-fac English Rugby game on Oct. 28 when Engineers scored their first point in two years of play. The score was 15-3 in favour of the spirited Engineers over their Commerce rivals. In other Inter-fac games to date, both Law and Meds have beaten each of Commerce and Engineers. As a result of this Law and Meds again have advanced to the finals.

The annual Inter-Fac Cross-Country race on Nov. 11 is attracting interest among the track enthusiasts on the campus and entries are expected from most of the faculties. The course of the race is about two miles long and is somewhat as follows: From in front of the Memorial Rink west on South St., across Oxford, left to Oakland Road, up to Oxford and along Oxford to Coburg, up Coburg to the entrance at King's, and from there via the rear of the Arts Building to the Studley football grounds. The finish should come at the half-time of the Dal and Shearwater football game.

In the last issue of the Gazette the Sports Dept. published an appeal to the various sports representatives to submit their reports on their faculties' inter-fac activities to the Gazette. Of course we did not expect that every sports rep would hand in a neat, well-composed, correctly spelled, typewritten report at 9 o'clock sharp on Monday morning; we are not complete optimists. All we expected was a few scraps of paper with scores thereon, one or two telephone calls, and, of course, a few people telling us to quit bothering them and get our own news. Well, here is the word-by-word report of each faculty:

Arts and Science—Inter-faculty Cross-country runners for A. & S. on Nov. 11: Kenneth Kalutich, Frank Arsenault, Bud Langille, George Tattrie, Ken Dunsworth and Bob Cook.

- Commerce—
- Dents—
- Engineers—
- Law—
- Meds—
- Pharmacy—

### CORRECTION

It was stated in the last issue of the Gazette that the Dalhousie Golf Team had won a MIAU meet by defeating Acadia and St. F.X. in a recent golf meet. This was incorrect, for the meet was not sponsored by the MIAU.

baseball cap. "Milk," I ordered from the wine list . . . "Guinness's milk." An hour later we were in Dublin. The hostel there was a disgrace and the warden looked like a fugitive from a B movie. He kicked me out of bed at the ridiculous hour of noon. He got me mad. I hung him up on a coat hook and we left to see the town. We saw Dublin from the left hand side of Nelson's eyebrow on the Nelson pillar. In Dublin there are two classes . . . the very rich or the very poor and the poverty and dirt of the lower classes is a horrible sight.

We pushed on to the coast and got a boat for Wales. The customs men met us at the dock and I showed him my Gazette press card and he let me right through. I fell into a hotel beside my exhausted brother, and slept the deep and untroubled sleep of the pure.

May 23 . . . We were walking across Wales. We climbed Mt.

Snowden and hitch hiked down through Bristol to Penzance, at which place we sent Prof. Hamer a card signed "The Pirates" and then back tracked to Brighton. I stood on the beach and thought about the "strangler." Evidently he had been warned of the approach of two bearded foreigners because he didn't put in an appearance. As I climbed wearily on a speedy train for London I knew I was tired. But somewhere in old Blighty a Queen was to be crowned and I love Queens. I thought of Cromwell and Charles I. I thought of Shakespeare and Milton, and I knew that this old Island had something. The train stopped and I peered at Waterloo Station. I hadn't a nickel in my pocket, but I didn't care. This was the prelude to the Coronation and all London was in its finest array. "How did we ever make it?" my exhausted brother exclaimed. I flicked the end of my cigarette . . . "It was easy."

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